

Amitri Del

"Food For Songs"

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There's people hauling people
Out from under their homes
There's people hauling people
Out through the groaning stones
You can see me tonight,
I'll be shell shocked and white in the cold light of dawn
But I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy
Food for songs
People going hungry,
Stand like a sackfull of bones,
People going hungry, feeding a billion homes
So I put my dead child down, you put your TV on
Well I ain't gonna cry just to give some guy
Food for songs
Yeah, there's people beating people,
To keep the system strong
People beating people, to keep the illusion going
So I'm going to fight every day of my life 'til they're gone
But I ain't gonna die just to give some guy
Food for songs

Yeah, there's people holding people,
Making those wailing sounds,
Yeah, there's people holding people,
Watching them lower me down
So I take my leave and you take what you see
And you make it what you want
But when I see you in hell, I will give you some
Food for songs

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